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Providence Independent

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LOVE LEVELS ALL.

The great factory was teeming with life, the ponderous machinery was all in motion, the busy workers were each and all at their respective posts, when the heavy outer doors clanged, and there swept in a breath from the outer world—a world so different from this that it seemed as though the two might never mingle.

The butterflies had come to visit the bees.

It was a little party of four which the doors had opened to admit—two gentlemen, an elderly lady, and a young girl.

The latter wore a simple but elegant costume of dark-green velvet, bordered with fur. A tiny velvet, fur-trimmed hat rested on her dark auburn hair, which escaped in little, wilful curls beneath its brim.

She was wonderfully beautiful, and many among the women looked up and after her, as she passed, with sudden consciousness of their own dull lives. Yet their work gave her the means to live, as she was the daughter of one of the owners of the factory, the largest and most prosperous in all Millchester.

Now and then she spoke to one of them as she went by, not in a patronizing way, but in interest aroused in their labor, and her admiration of their deft skill.

She had reached one of the rooms occupied only by men, when her glance fell on a man standing close beside the door. He was only one of the upper workmen, but there was that in his face which spoke of strength, and a certain scorn was in his brown eyes and about the firm lines of his mouth as he looked upon the intruders, which caused an involuntary flush to mantle her cheek.

The next moment she saw the scorn vanish and a new light leap into his eyes—a new expression transfigure his face, as his glance, for an instant only, met hers. Then it grew harder, colder, sterner, than before.

"Who is that man?" she asked turning to one of the two gentlemen who accompanied her, Ragnald Holworthy by name, a junior partner of her father's, and rumor added her intended husband.

"His name is Alan Irving," was the answer, rather slightly spoken, the girl thought. "A clever fellow, with wonderful insight into machinery, but singularly proud and reserved. A man—take care Miss Merriton. Ah! great Heaven!"

"Too late! The girl, interested in listening, had drawn too near one of the heavy, swiftly revolving wheels, and it had caught a portion of her skirt. One more revolution, and she would have been drawn within its relentless embrace, but at that moment someone threw himself between her and destruction.

There was a sound of crunching bones. The great machinery jarred and stopped. There was but one way to bring it to a standstill—one spot where a solid obstacle might cut off communication from the lever which swayed it, and there was one eye which understood both the danger and the possible manner in which it might be averted.

But nothing was at hand to fill that awful gap—nothing but one man's strong right arm. Alan Irving neither faltering nor wavered for one instant, but darted between Daisy Merriton and the fearful peril which menaced her.

"It is nothing compared with her life," he murmured, when the machinery had stopped and they drew out the poor, wrecked arm, whose strength might avail him never more, and gasping out the sentence, fell in a dead swoon at her feet.

Very tenderly his fellow workmen lifted him and bore him to his home. For a few days it was feared that his life would pay the forfeit of his act, but on the fifth day the crisis was passed; and though many weeks of weakness and suffering must still be entailed upon him, and though his right arm was henceforth shattered and helpless, yet his life was spared.

Looking forward to the dreary prospect before him, it seemed to Alan Irving no boon. He lacked none of the luxuries of life during this weary time. Each day fruit, and flowers, and rarest delicacies, were sent him in abundance; but when they brought them to him, that he might see that the girl whom he had saved was not unmindful nor ungrateful, the bitter lines deepened rather than disappeared, and no gleam of gladness lighted the handsome face, on which suffering had so strongly set its mark.

"She would do so much for her dog!" he said once, with the bitter injustice born of his ignorance of the true nature of Daisy Merriton.

But one day they told him that she stood without and asked to be admitted to his room; and then a wonderful light leaped into the great, brown eyes, and the pale cheeks flushed. He learned in that interview, how he had misjudged her.

Each day she had come herself to ask for him, she told him, as with something akin to reverence in her lovely face, she stood beside his couch.

"On my knees I have prayed that Heaven would spare your life!" she said, with tears heavily fringing the jetty lashes that shaded her glorious eyes, "and Heaven has heard my prayer. Ah, you cannot know what I have suffered! How brave, now noble you are! I never knew such men lived."

"Hush—hush!" he answered, flushing hotly. "You must not look at it like this! What was my life compared to yours? Nor was it life—only this!" And he glanced down at his shattered and bandaged arm.

"God bless you, my hero!" she whispered, softly with tears in her voice.

Ere the echo of her words had died away, she had left the room; but through the long hours of pain, over and over they kept repeating themselves to him like waves of music endlessly echoed.

The next day she came again, and the next and the next, until he grew to look for her as he looked for the breaking of the dawn after his sleepless nights of suffering.

As he grew stronger she read to him until gradually she broke down the shelving wall of his reserve and he talked to her in return. She learned then that this man was a scholar and a thinker. The son of a poor Scotch clergyman, he had launched his little barque boldly on the great sea where so many come to shipwreck, for so few reach port.

A natural mechanic, he had begun at the foot of the ladder to understand work his way up, but though his days had been given to the factory, his nights had been devoted to study—his dreams to ambition. He had grown hard and cold, and non-believing to the world. He had learned science alone might win its smile, and now—

A sigh had finished his sentence.

"But you must give the future no thought," Daisy said warmly, in reply. "That shall be our care."

"My future can be the care of man—no woman," he answered, with a touch of pride in his voice. "I will carve it out for myself."

She listened and was silent. To her all that this man said possessed a certain latent power, which at one thrilled and fascinated her. If any one had told her that there was possible danger in it for herself, she would have crushed them with her scorn; likewise if they had hinted danger to him.

She was the queen, gracious to her subject, who had richly earned her gratitude; but gratitude cannot bridge a social chasm. But we must know our danger to avert it. On the very brink of this chasm the man, the woman, were trembling, all unaware of the yawning gulf beneath them. A bold leap might save them; otherwise they would dash their hearts to pieces on the pitiless stones.

One day their eyes were forced to see. It happened thus: Alan was rapidly regaining strength. He was able once more to read and study.

"I must learn to draw with my left hand," he said, one morning, to Daisy, sitting beside him. "I fear it will be slow work."

"I can draw a little," she replied. "Can I not carry out some of your ideas if you will show me how?"

"You really mean it?" he asked.

"Indeed I do," she answered, eagerly, and drew pencil and paper towards her.

He gave her some directions, which she followed.

"I saw Mr. Holworthy yesterday," she said, as she worked on. "He has been absent, or he would have been here to see you; he told me you would be invaluable to the factory had you lost both arms."

"Mr. Holworthy!" repeated her hearer. "Pardon me, Miss Merriton—you are speaking of your future husband, are you not?"

"I am speaking of my father's partner," she replied, haughtily. "His alliance or allegiance to our house ends there."

Listening to her words, a great weight lifted itself from Alan Irving's heart—a weight of whose existence he had been all unconscious; yet what mattered it to him? He had been a workman in her father's factory; he had saved her life and won her gratitude, but beyond that it was folly, worse than folly, madness, to dream of aught else.

As she bent over her work, her hand which held the pencil trembled. The lines she made spoiled her copy. His artist-eye detected the inaccuracy. He involuntarily leaned towards her, forgetting that his left hand had not acquired the necessary cunning. As he did so, their two hands met. He was hot and burning, hers cold as marble. She sprang to her feet.

"I will come to-morrow," she said, hurriedly; "I—I believe I am nervous to-day."

"No; do not come to-morrow," he answered, hoarsely. "You—you have been very kind, but I am growing better now, you must not come again!"

His voice was cold to sternness, his manner harsh and repelling, but in his eyes was a softness which betrayed him.

"Why?" she whispered, and took one step towards him, a soft light in her eyes which nearly tempted Alan Irving to forget the strong resolve he had made to conquer his madness.

"Go!" he commanded. "We do not know what prediction is until we loose Heaven."

She hesitated still an instant; then she obeyed him and went softly out.

"Sad news this about poor Irving!" said her father, next day, not noting how pale grew her lovely face at his words. "The fever set in again last night, and there is little hope entertained of his recovery. He keeps talking about you, Daisy, in his delirium, poor fellow!"

All night the girl had struggled between her love and pride, for yesterday she, too, had learned her secret, but though with her love had gained the victory, how would it be with him?

And she was a woman. He must be the one to speak, and he would only gaze at her in long silence across what he believed to be an externally-divided gulf.

Softly she entered the sick man's room, and stole to his bedside. The physician was already there.

"Daisy," broke from Alan's lips, in a tender whisper, "your hand is cold—why? It trembles! Oh, my darling! Can you, too, feel? I am mad. I—with my crippled arm and workman's dress—nothing left with my brain and ambition."

"He does not know what he is saying, Miss Merriton," murmured the physician, apologetically.

But no blush either of anger or confusion, betokened that she had heard. Only, when she was left alone with him she bent the haughty little head, until her lips were close to his ear.

"Alan," she said, "won't you get well, dear, for my sake?"

He looked up quickly, as though her words had penetrated the mists of delirium. She stroked his burning brow with her cool hand. He ceased to utter incoherent words. Gradually the heavy lids closed and he slept.

Motionless she sat beside him. Now and then his eyes opened, but, seeing her there, closed again in the slumber which meant life.

When the physician came, he marvelled at the change.

"He owes his life to you, Miss Merriton," he said.

"Thank Heaven it is so!" she answered, fervently. "I owe mine to him."

No one interfered now with her post of nurse. They thought that thus she showed her gratitude.

Alan himself was to weak to rebel, but this morning, when as usual she came to take her place beside him, he gathered up his strength again to bid her come no more.

"Hate, despise me," he cried, "but I am only mortal and I love you! Go—go quickly! Do not let me see your scorn!"

But with a low cry, half rapture, half rebuke, she fell on her knees beside his couch.

"Will you not bid me stay?" she whispered. "I, too, am only mortal, Alan, and I, too love!"

So the gulf was bridged. Love ere now has proven himself a wonderful

carpenter, and has helped many a lover over many a chasm; but when, a year after, the marriage between Alan Irving and beautiful Daisy Merriton was celebrated, the gulf had dwarfed almost into insignificance, for a new and wonderful discovery and invention had made his name famous, and given him a junior partnership in the firm of which his future father-in-law was the respected head.

LOCAL HISTORY.

PROVIDENCE.

BY F. G. HOBSON, ESQ.

NO. XXVII.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF SOLDIERS BURIED IN FREELAND CEMETERY. READ AT THE DEIFICATION OF SOLDIERS GRAVES ON MAY 30, 1883.

This article does not follow in regular order in the History of Providence township, but that it is part of such history is excuse enough for placing it here at this time. Nearly twenty years have sped away, since the close of the war, and it is almost impossible to ascertain any facts, connected with those who took so prominent a part, in our national struggle. Those who were the nearest and dearest to the departed have almost entirely forgotten the little incidents which, were they known, would make such sketches more interesting. It is hoped that the eyes that see these sketches will communicate with the author correcting his errors and helping to fill out what is now blank, so that by another year some one will be able to read a more complete sketch of our fallen heroes. So far as known there are buried in the Freeland cemetery the bodies of six soldiers, all having served in the War of the Rebellion. I know of none of any other war. These are:

1. CAPTAIN IRVIN BEAN. Irvin Bean was a son of William and Catharine Bean of Upper Providence township. He was born January 23, 1825. From infancy to manhood he lived a quiet, humble, exemplary life in our very midst. At the breaking out of the War with Mexico in 1845, he entered the military service of the United States and served under Gen. Winfield Scott. He showed himself a brave soldier in the battles of Matamoros, Monterey, Buena Vista, Sierra Cordo, Contreras, Chapultepec, Churubusco, and city of Mexico. Just before the battle of Mexico he volunteered and successfully performed some dangerous work for which he was promoted to the grade of a non-commissioned officer. He served throughout the whole war and at its close again became a quiet unobtrusive citizen, never boasting of his deeds of valor, although he is reported to have been the bravest of the brave.

At the breaking out of the Rebellion in 1861, he was one of the first to answer the call of President Lincoln and enlisted in the 3 months service as Captain of Company E. 19th Reg., Ohio Volunteers, U. S. A. At the close of this service, Captain Bean and his whole company re-enlisted for three years. In the battles of Rich Mountain, Pittsburg Landing, and Stone River, Tennessee, he showed himself a brave warrior, at the last named battle he fell, shot dead while gallantly leading his company. "He fell with his face towards the foe." A beautiful and appropriate monument marks his final resting place beside his loved mother. There yet survives him of his immediate family, a brother Wm. Bean, of Spring City, Pa., and two sisters, Miss Lavina Bean and Mrs. H. W. Kratz, of Trappe, Pa.

2. SAMUEL GRUBB. Samuel Grubb, a son of Charles and Elizabeth W. Grubb, was born at Boyertown, Berks county, Pa., on March 29th, 1841. Very shortly after his birth his parents removed to this township, to the farm now owned and occupied by Henry Wanner. From infancy he lived in our midst and very many will remember him as he grew to manhood on his fathers farm within sight of this cemetery. He is better characterized by his epitaph in these words: "He was a kind and unobtrusive friend; of a charitable and amiable disposition. Warfare and strife was not his character, but from a patriotic sense of duty he entered the service of his country to defend and protect his nationality. His whole life it was his country's own. He lived, he bled, he died for it alone." Having just attained his majority,

on the 2d day of August, 1862, he entered the military service of the United States. He served in Company A. 138th Reg. Penn'a Volunteers. He fought gallantly in many battles of the war. In the battle of the Wilderness, Virginia, he fell severely wounded, on the 6th day of May 1864, while at the post of duty. While thus lying bleeding and wounded, he fell into the hands of the enemy where he remained a prisoner of war for eleven days until recaptured by the Union Arms. He wrote to his mother of the kindness shown him by his captors during his brief imprisonment. From thence he was removed to Carvers Hospital, Washington, D. C., where he lingered in great suffering until relieved by death June 9th, aged 23 years, 2 months and 11 days. His remains were subsequently consigned to mother earth in this cemetery, where loving hands reared to his memory a beautiful monument. There yet survive him of his immediate family, his aged mother Elizabeth Grubb, an honored, pious and respected widow of our village; one sister Amanda, and two brothers David Henry and William Grubb, all well-known and respected citizens.

3. HENRY LONGSTRETH. Henry Longstreth was a son of John and Catharine Longstreth. He was born at Trappe, on the sixth day of January 1833. From his youth to manhood he remained with his father. He was enrolled into the army of the United States, on the 4th day of August 1862, and served under General Tyler in Humphreys division. He soon rose from a private to the position of Sergeant of Captain Benjamin F. Bean's Company D. 129th Reg. Penn'a Volunteers. He was in the battles of Kernersville and Chancellorsville. But the exposure was such that his delicate frame could not stand and this prevented him from more active service. At the expiration of his term of enlistment viz: nine months, he was honorably discharged on the 18th of May 1863. In this same company were Captain H. H. Fetterolf, and Emanuel Longacre. After his return home, he again enlisted for three months in the State defense in '63—but in this last service he was never in battle. In 1866 he married Sarah daughter of Jacob Hunsicker, and lived for several years in Limerick township as a farmer. He died August 25, 1870. His life was no doubt cut short in consequence of the hardships and privations of Army life. He is spoken of as a man not given to boasting, but always ready to do his full duty; never shrinking from any danger. One who knew him well, says: "Nothing but the purest patriotism influenced Henry Longstreth to enter the army." There yet survives him his widow Sarah Longstreth and two promising sons, Ernest L. and Main, also his aged father John Longstreth and two brothers and a sister.

4. MORRIS LONGSTRETH. Morris Longstreth was a brother of Henry Longstreth just spoken of. He was born November 8th 1843, at Trappe. He grew to manhood in our village and before he was twenty years of age he enlisted in the military service of his country. In June 1863, he entered Company 34 Penn'a Militia, under Captain Henry H. Fetterolf, and after the termination of that enlistment he served under Gen. Sheridan until the close of the War. He was then honorably discharged and removed to Lawrence county, in the Western part of Pennsylvania. Here he became an honored and useful citizen, and cashier of a flourishing Bank. Some time in 1875 he died and was buried at this place. He is described as a brave and intrepid soldier, fearing no danger shrinking from no duty. There survives him his father John Longstreth, two brothers Samuel and Isaac, and a sister Rebecca wife of Isaac P. Rhoads of Trappe.

5. WILLIAM F. HALLMAN. William F. Hallman was a son of Jacob and Catharine Hallman. He was born June 4, 1843. Before he attained his majority the war of the Rebellion opened, and he became imbued with the spirit of the times and desired to enter the service to aid in destroying armed Rebellion. His father opposed this step, but like many others in like circumstances he disobeyed paternal advice and ran away to the army. His father went after and brought him back. But his was a spirit not so easily subdued, so he again left his fathers home and enlisted in the army of the Union as a private in the 13th Reg. Penn'a Cavalry. But being of a weak body the exposure and privations of camp soon made sad

havoc with his health. He was obliged to leave the army and return to his home where he died of consumption on the 6th of July 1864. His father Jacob Hallman yet survives him and still lives in our township.

6. HENRY MATTIS. Concerning Henry Mattis we know nothing, save his body rests in this cemetery. He was in the United States Navy during the late war.

Letter from Jim Snooks.

SWAMP HOLLOW, June 14, 1883.

EDITOR INDEPENDENT:—After a somewhat prolonged vacation I take the advantage of a few fleeting moments in jotting down a number of observations that may possibly prove interesting to your readers. My letters would appear more frequent were it not that I am, as a rule, busily engaged at farm work.

Why is it? I have heard men order Sasaparilla at a public bar, but it was porter they drank every time. The answer is easy, and if you can't see the point after I due consideration call around and I will strive to enlighten you.

Crime: Another tragedy has been enacted at Uniontown, Pa. Young Nutt has quaffed at the bitter cup of revenge, slew the betrayer of his sister and the murderer of his father, and is now in jail awaiting trial. Horrible, isn't it? What sorrow and woe one man's lust can produce! The majesty of the law, of which we hear much but see little, very often, proved impotent in dealing with Dukes. The criminal added unbounded insult to injury in remaining in Uniontown after the jury set him free. He sowed the seed of brazen effrontery and has reaped an opportunity of being dealt with at a higher court. Nutt, however, must be dealt with legally; if the power of the law is to be feared in the future in that section of the State. There is a moral lying under the ruins of this revolting social volcano, and one that demands very sober consideration, viz: Beware of courtship in dark parlors. Opportunities for unrestrained passions breed lust, and lust deals in crime.

Again, comes in the majesty of the law. The Star route thieves, after a second six months' trial have been declared not guilty by a Washington jury. A Washington jury is a queer compound. There was sufficient evidence brought to light during the trial, now partially hidden amongst a ten-acre field of rubbish, to convince the whole country of the genuine guilt of the conspirators, and yet the Washington jury says: "not guilty." There is however a dim silver lining to the dark cloud overhanging the "majesty of the law." "It will be a late day" when the conspirators, now at liberty will undertake to swindle the government again. Ingersoll was the great mogul among the lawyers on the side of the defense. He is a shrewd man in more ways than one; he makes money in practicing law and ropes in the cash in endeavoring to uproot the christian religion, and finds plenty of fools to listen to his cackling. The christian religion as practically exemplified to-day, is not the embodiment of perfection, but it is by long odds the best religion ever given to the world. A fool may try to tear it down, but a very wise man cannot supplant it with a better.

The great Reform Legislature of the Keystone of the arch of the Union failed in bringing about a revolution, although it has made a much cleaner record than many preceding it. The majority of the members are no doubt honest men, but who are not sufficiently posted on questions of public import to overcome the blandishments of legislative schemers. Here is where the chief drawback lies, in securing proper legislation. The representatives from old Montgomery performed their duties well as far as we know here in Swamp Hollow, and Senator Sutton, especially, deserves great credit for his active and untiring efforts in securing the passage of several important laws, for which he will not be forgotten by the people.

Neighbor Jones has just invested several dollars in a canine of warranted breed. I was over to see him last night, and he pointed out the characteristic features of the whelp. I listened attentively, and after he was through dilating upon the merits of the animal I inquired whether the dog was one of the howling kind, to which he replied: "Oh no, but he's death on cats." His remarks led me to presume, that after all, even a dog may be of some account.

Swamp Hollow is free of "dudes." This is one point in our favor. Our Malindas and Sallie Janes take no stock in them but prefer to smile upon our "horny-handed sons of toil." Beekie Fetchimquick is to be married soon to John Teararound, and I'm invited to view the ceremony. Sallie Quickstep is on deck and Bill Squirm is at the wheel. When they reach port another knot will be tied, and two more hearts will beat as one, &c. The Swamp Hollow widows dresses in the latest styles and keeps an eye open for the tree agent. As a whole, our society is above par, and happy is

Yankee Wit.

Many years ago a Pittsburg iron firm purchased a lot of condemned bombshells for old iron. The shells were not loaded, but in order to melt them it was necessary that they should be broken up. This was attempted with sledge-hammers, but the laborers made but little progress and was finally given up as a bad job. One day a long, slim Yankee came along and said:

"I understand you have a job for a man here."

"Yes" was the reply; "we want that pile of bombs out there broken."

"How much will you pay?"

"We will give you a tip apiece (six and a quarter cents) if you will agree to break them all."

"I'll take the contract," answered the Yankee. The day was a cold one, and the thermometer down to zero. The man immediately went to work, but disdained to take the large sledgehammer which was offered him. The Yankee laid every bomb out on the ground with the hole up. He procured a bucket filled them all with water; then he came into the house, made out his bill, and said he would call around in the morning for the money. Every one was much mystified, but in the morning their astonishment was great. The water had frozen during the night, and in the morning a pile of scrap iron was found, as the freezing water had broken every bomb into at least a dozen pieces.

Tommy asked his mother if the school-teacher's ferule was a piece of the board of education.

"Is your mistress in?" said a caller to the domestic. "She is sir." "Is she engaged?" asked the caller. "Faith, she is more than that," was Bridget's prompt response. "She's married."

A Minister, laboring in the mountain districts of Fayette county, West Virginia, gives the following conversation he had with a woman there recently:

"Is your husband at home?"

"No; he is coon-hunting. He killed two whopping big coons last Sunday."

"Does he fear the Lord?"

"I guess he does, 'cause he always takes his gun with him."

"Have you any Baptists around here?"

"I don't know if he has killed any, or not. You can go behind the house and look at the pile of hides, to see if you can find any of their skins."

"I see that you are living in the dark."

"Yes, but my husband is going to cut out a window soon."

Whalebone Howker arose in the interests of harmony. He had lately read no less than three different predictions as to when the world was coming to an end, and each one had a date of its own. While all were made in the interest of white folks, the six million of colored people in this land were more or less interested. They did not propose to hang around here after the world came to an end and all the white folks had pegged out. He wanted the Club to decide upon and set an official date, or to call a meeting of the prophets, and have them agree upon some particular date next fall, after the melon season was over, and everybody was behind on his house rent. The subject was referred to the Committee on Fisheries, with instructions to bring in a specific date most convenient to all.

Providence Independent.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

COLLEGEVILLE, MONTG. CO., PA.

E. S. MOSER, Editor and Proprietor.

Thursday, June 21, 1883.

The College Commencement season hastens on, and the scream of the American eagle will soon be echoed through the land.

A CHICAGO gambler in lard, by name McGeoch, failed last week, losing several millions in a day; and few there are who pity him.

The French are evidently a nation of wine-bibbers. Recent statistics put the yearly consumption of wine, per head, at about 120 quarts.

The acquitted defendants in the Star route trial, celebrated their victory by drunken hilarity. Thieving, riotous living, and drunkenness travel with arms linked.

The latest from the Sunderland Calamity is that two hundred and two children were crushed to death in the scare there last Saturday evening. Terrible!

ARCHBISHOP F. W. WOOD, of the Roman Catholic church, Philadelphia, was lying at the point of death yesterday morning, with no chance of recovery. He is in his seventieth year.

ANOTHER cashier has been discovered on the downward track, having stolen \$44,000 from a Boston bank. This country will never fall to pieces for the want of dishonest cashiers, public thieves, and so on.

The Legislature resembled at Harrisburg Tuesday, in extra session. The work of passing the necessary appropriation bills should be taken up and disposed of as speedily as possible, if the Legislature desires to retain its reputation remaining in stock.

PIRATES must stand convicted, a new trial having been refused. He will receive his sentence on the 30th of the present month. Renewed hope should swell up within the bosom of the average pauper, at last, although there is quite an army of Alms-house thieves, big and little, enjoying unrestrained liberty.

The acquittal of the Star route thieves and conspirators at Washington, last week, shows, if additional evidence is necessary, what money can do in blinding justice in her own temple. The verdict is received by the American people with regret. The acquittal of the thieves, is a lie and a standing reproach to the country.

EX-SENATOR HARMAN YERKES was nominated for Judge by the Democratic Judicial Convention of Bucks county on Thursday last week, and his election is regarded by many as one of the reasonably certain results of the coming campaign, and yet if Judge Watson has proved a competent and worthy Judge, why defeat him? Brother Davis probably knows! Will he enlighten us?

STRENUOUS efforts are being made to heal the dissensions existing in the Republican party of this State, which promise partial success at least. The Stalwarts must not displease the Independents, and the Independents must temper their demands with moderation, all of which goes to show that the Independents are of some account in the political world,—by the way, a fact that Governor Pattison overlooked.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR is receiving considerable praise from the press in various sections of this grand country of ours, and it would seem that he is not a bad President at all, but a real good one. So far as we are able to discern between evil and good report, President Arthur's administration thus far will stand a very fair test. The administrations of Grant and acting President Hayes are nowhere in comparison with it.

The Republican county convention, for the election of six delegates to the Republican State Convention in July was held in the court house Norristown, Tuesday forenoon. Resolutions in the interest of harmony were passed. The following were elected delegates: H. N. Graffen, Pottstown; H. K. Weand, Norristown; Thos. H. Parker, Lower Merion; Thomas J. Stewart, Norristown; Henry M. Ziegler, Hatfield; C. Tyson Kratz, Lower Providence. H. N. Graffen having received the highest number of votes was declared the Senatorial delegate.

From the Harboro Public Spirit.

JACOB STRASSBURGER, Esq., a young lawyer of Norristown, well known for his industry and ability, now rising into prominence at the Bar, is a candidate for the nomination of District Attorney before the Republican County Convention. Mr. Strassburger is in every way worthy of the nomination.

He speaks two languages fluently. He has strong influence in the Perkiomen Valley, where he lived before he came to the Bar. If nominated he would probably be elected, so great is his personal strength with both parties.

At Uniontown, on Wednesday evening, last week, James Nutt, son of the late Captain A. C. Nutt, shot and killed N. L. Dukes. Nutt is now in jail awaiting trial. The incidents connected with the first appalling tragedy are generally known and need no recital here. Suffice to say Dukes caused foul aspersions to rest against the character of Captain Nutt's daughter, and subsequently shot and killed the father. At a court trial Dukes was acquitted by an ignorant jury, and remained in Uniontown, which only served to intensify the hatred of a ruined and sorrowing family. The son could stand it no longer, watched his opportunity and shot Dukes. We do not wish to be rated as an apologist for crime, but we ask: Where is the man who, after seeing the character of a beloved sister ruined, and an honored father murdered by one and the same villain, and the arm of the law prove futile in administering justice to the criminal, would not have done something similar in wreaking vengeance? Where is he? He would be hard to find. The jury that acquitted Dukes is in a great measure responsible for his death. If Nutt is to be hung, hang the Dukes jury with him.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 19, 1883. Washington in its environs furnishes many features of great interest to the daily throng of visitors that perambulate our streets in search of sights, rich rare and racy. The old city of Georgetown, which has recently roused from its fifty years of Rip Van Winkle slumber, was founded and incorporated in the year 1789. Prior to 1800 it had an active coast wise and foreign commerce. After the latter year this borough took the name of West Washington, but the old name still lingers as the legacy of its founders, the two Georges, Beall and Gordon. It is the head of navigation on the Potomac and is a port of entry. The place itself has preserved much of the old-time manners and customs, although recently the numbering of the streets has thrown its inhabitants into closer relations with the capital than formerly existed. Oak Hall cemetery, containing thirty acres, is a romantic spot, ten acres of which was the gift of W. C. Corcoran. Here in the beautiful city of the dead sleep many whose names are historic. Chief Justice Chase, Secretary Stanton, General Towson, of the war of 1812; Generals Reno and Plummer, of the war for the union; Commander Morris, hero of the Algerian war; Lorenzo Dow, the strange evangelist; John Howard Payne, and hosts of others sleep here the sleep that knows no waking. The Van Ness mausoleum, in pattern like the Temple of Vesta at Rome; the Corcoran mausoleum, and the Linthicum memorial chapel are each subjects of interest to visitors. On the high grounds in Georgetown stands the oldest Catholic college in America. It was founded in 1789, and is under the care of Fathers of the Society of Jesus. The old building made of imported bricks is still standing. In the Potomac river opposite Georgetown is Mason's Island containing seventy acres, with an old neglected mansion which, in the years, ago, was a resort of the gay and fashionable, who filled its spacious halls and roamed through enchanted bowers perfumed with choicest fragrance the guests of its proprietor, General John Mason, commissary general of prisoners of the war of 1812. In this once charming spot was born James M. Mason, confederate commissioner to Europe in the war of the rebellion. In the distance the visitor standing on the heights at Georgetown can see Arlington Mansion, which was the home of the adopted son of George Washington for many years after 1802, and in later years, of General Robert E. Lee. Here on its stately piazza the great soldier, with his eyes on the capital of his country and familiar with its historic achievements, wrestled with the question of duty, turned his back on the government that educated him and cast in his fortunes with those who sought to destroy the union. This old mansion for more than half a century was famous for its high-toned hospitality. Its military proprietor having sworn allegiance to the lost cause, this magnificent estate of 1,100 acres, covered in large part with splendid old oaks, was abandoned to most wanton recklessness. It became the camping ground of thousands of soldiers who despised the treachery of its senseless owner. Its noble forests became fuel for camp fires and extemporized homes for our boys in our blue. The lands were sold under the confiscation act, and it became the burial place of 16,000 heroic dead from many a battle field in the old Dominion and from hospitals about the capital. The silent dust of this great company of the nation's dead lies undisturbed here in grounds that are kept in perfect order, and a daily throng of visitors here see evidences showing the awful sacrifices made by a heroic people to leave this country for our children as a heritage of freedom. On the arch over the entrance to the cemetery is inscribed: "Here rest 15,585 of the 315,558 citizens who died in defense of our country from 1861 to 1865." The flag under which they fought floats daily in sight of the dome of the capitol, and here—

"On Fame's eternal camping ground Their silent tented are spread; While glory guards the sacred mound, The bivouac of the dead." The famous Cabin John bridge is visited by thousands of tourists. Dis-

tant about ten miles from the capitol, the route lies along the Potomac, and is one of the most delightful of our suburban drives. The bridge of solid granite crosses the yawning chasm over Cabin John's creek at a height of 101 feet, with a single span of 220 feet, the longest stone arch in the world. The structure is twenty feet wide, 420 feet long, with a raise of 5 1/2 feet from its springing line, and was built at a cost of \$237,000 under the direction of Jeff. Davis as Secretary of War. His name is chiseled in a tablet and set in the arch was cut out during the rebellion, and now stands as a perpetual monument of disgrace to the man who headed the conspiracy and was the foremost of the traitors who plunged the country into four long years of war.

Nearly 200 Children Suffocated.

A terrible calamity occurred on Saturday evening in Victoria Hall, at Sunderland, England. Several thousand children had gathered there to enjoy an entertainment. There were 1,200 children in the gallery and they came rushing down the stairway after the performance was over. At the top of the first flight of steps was a door only partially opened. But one child could pass through at a time. At this point one of the little ones stumbled and fell. Then others fell and the children above pushed upon them. In a moment the stairway was filled eight and ten deep with bodies. Before they could be rescued 186 children had been trampled to death or suffocated. The clothing was torn from many of the victims. The news brought thousands of people to the scene and the greatest excitement prevailed. As quickly as possible the stairway was cleared and the bodies of the dead were laid out in the hall. While the work of identification was going on the most heart-rending scenes transpired.

The staircase from the gallery was a winding one. Both the audience and the officials who were in the hall at the time of the disaster were unaware for some considerable time of the terrible tragedy that was being enacted at the door. They were not informed until Graham, the hall-keeper, who, strolling near by the scene of the calamity, was attracted by the groans and gave the alarm. Mr. Fay, who gave up the entertainment, was busy packing up his apparatus to depart when a man rushed up to him and informed him of the disaster and immediately fell down speechless in a fit.

Some of the families whose homes were so suddenly darkened lost over three children. One man and his wife pushed their way into the hall in which lay the bodies of the victims and, without betraying any emotion, began to scan the faces of the dead. Recognizing the face of one of his children, the father, pointing with his finger, exclaimed: "That's one." Passing on again he recognized another, and then a third.

The Cyclone At Muncy.

WILLIAMSPORT, June 18.—Reports from the lower end of the county show that the storm was more destructive than at first reported. At Muncy the rain fell in torrents for over an hour and the streets were completely flooded. Hundreds of shade trees were blown down, while everything in the shape of vegetation suffered. Scores of windows were broken by the hail. Finally two clouds seemed to meet and form an inverted cone, and with a roar like thunder the wind lifted the roof off the station of the Reading Railroad and carried it a hundred yards away and lodged it on the branches of a tree. The brick walls of nearly the entire building were then razed to the ground. Several boys had taken shelter in the building when the storm came, and when the roof was torn off they started to run, when the debris was blown upon them.

Robert Dykins, who was killed, had both legs broken and he was badly cut and bruised. Two other boys were badly cut about the head and face, but escaped. The goods in the freight department of the building were buried beneath the falling brick. The force of the wind was so great as to tear down piles of heavy railroad ties and carry some of them hundreds of feet away and scatter them about promiscuously. A portion of a paint mill was completely demolished and the smoke-stack blown into the canal. The large barn of Wilson Opp was unroofed and the growing wheat beaten flat on the ground. A young man named Henry Gable and a lady were out riding and were caught in the most violent part of the storm. In crossing Delaware Run, which was greatly swollen, the horse shied at some fence floating on the water and jumped into the stream. The driver had great difficulty in saving the young lady from drowning.

A Young Man's Shocking Death.

ALTOONA, June 18.—This morning William Claybough, Jr., met his death in a most shocking manner. In company with two young friends, one of whom drives a delivery wagon, he was taking a ride, and while turning a corner where there was a large washout the wagon was partially upset. The other two young men jumped out. Claybough attempted to do the same and fell between the front wheels and spring. The horse ran off and dragged him about a square, where his lifeless body dropped to the ground, terribly mangled.

Seven Persons Drowned in a Storm.

SENeca, Kan., June 18.—The rain-storm of Saturday night caused all the larger streams in this (Nebraska) county to overflow, and there is scarcely a bridge that has not been damaged or carried away. At Bakersford Thomas Walkins and his family attempted to leave their home, which was threatened with destruction, and to take Mr. Borani and his wife and children along with them. There were eight persons in the wagon, which was caught in the current of Turkey creek and upset. Seven of the party were drowned, Mrs. Borani alone escaping. She lodged

in a tree and was rescued fourteen hours afterward. Her baby was washed from her arms and drowned. Only two of the bodies have been found.

Test a man's profession by his practice. Physician, heal thyself! Physicians do not only heal themselves with Kidney-Wort, but prescribe it for others for the worst cases of biliousness and constipation, as well as for kidney complaints. If you feel out of sorts and don't know why, try a package of Kidney-Wort and you will feel like a new creature.

Millions of packages of the Diamond Dyes have been sold without complaint. Everywhere they are the favorite dyes.

NOTICE TO TAX PAYERS.

In pursuance of an Act of Assembly approved March 17, 1883, and supplementary acts thereto, the Treasurer of Montgomery county will meet the taxpayers of said county, at the following named times and places, for the purpose of receiving the State and County Taxes, for the year 1883, assessed in their respective districts, viz:

Borough of Norristown, 3d and 4th Wards, at the county Treasurer's office, Tuesday, June 5th, from 8 to 12 and from 1 to 4 1/2.
Borough of Norristown, 5th and 6th Wards, at the county Treasurer's office, Wednesday, June 6th, from 8 to 12 and from 1 to 4 1/2.
Borough of Brynmawr, at the county Treasurer's office, Thursday, June 7th, from 8 to 12 and from 1 to 4 1/2.
Township of Norriton, at the county Treasurer's office, on Friday, June 8th, from 8 to 12 and from 1 to 4 1/2.
Borough of Conshohocken, 1st Ward, at the public house of Benjamin Smith, on Monday, June 11th, from 9 to 12.
Borough of Conshohocken, 2d Ward, at the public house of James Ward, Monday, June 11, from 1 to 4 1/2.
Borough of West Conshohocken, at the public house of Catharine O'Brien, on Tuesday, June 12th, from 1 1/2 to 5.
Township of Upper Merion, at the public house of James E. Hoy, on Wednesday, June 13, from 10 to 3.
Township of Plymouth, at the public house of John Marple, Thursday, June 14th, from 10 to 3.
Township of Whitemarsh, east, at the public house of S. H. Bush, on Monday, June 18th, from 10 to 3.
Township of Springfield, at the public house of Edward McCloskey, on Tuesday, June 19th, from 10 to 3.
Township of Upper Dublin, at the public house of Charles H. Palmer, on Wednesday, June 20th, from 10 to 3.
Township of Horsham, at the public house of G. & J. K. Hallows, on Thursday, June 21, from 10 to 3.
Township of Lower Merion, lower district, east, at the office of Bernard McMonagle, on Friday, June 22, from 9 to 11.
Township of Lower Merion, lower district, west, at the public house of J. J. Young, on Friday, June 22, from 1 1/2 to 4.
Township of Lower Merion, upper district, west, at the public house of Isaac H. Evans, on Saturday, June 23, from 8 to 11.
Township of Lower Merion, upper district, at the public house of Jesse K. Johnson, on Saturday, June 23, from 12 to 3.
Township of Gwynedd, Lower, at the public house of Samuel C. Custer, on Monday, June 25, from 9 to 12.
Township of Gwynedd, Upper, at the public house of Jacob H. Kneeder, on Monday, June 25, from 1 to 4.
Borough of North Wales, at the public house of Francis Kile, on Tuesday, June 26, from 10 to 3.
Township of Montgomery, at the public house of Samuel M. Johnson, on Wednesday, June 27, from 10 to 3.
Township of Upper Providence, at the public house of Jacob K. Dorworth, on Thursday, June 28, from 9 to 3.
Borough of Royersford, at the public house of Amos R. Davis, on Friday, June 29, from 10 to 3.
Township of Upper Providence, Lower, at Port Providence Hall, on Monday, July 2, from 10 to 3.
Township of Lower Providence, at the public house of Jacob Laver, on Tuesday, July 3, from 9 to 3.
Borough of Pottstown, east ward, at the public house of D. H. Bennett, on Thursday, July 5th, from 10 to 4.
Borough of Pottstown, middle ward, at the public house of W. O'Brien, on Friday, July 6, from 9 to 4.
Borough of Pottstown, west ward, at the public house of W. R. Shuler, on Saturday, July 7, from 9 to 3.
Township of Limerick, at the public house of John S. Moore, on Monday, July 9, from 10 to 3.
Township of Pottsgrove, Lower, at the public house of Nathaniel Fryer, on Tuesday, July 10, from 8 to 12.
Township of Pottsgrove, Upper, at the public house of F. R. Pennypacker, on Tuesday, July 10, from 1 to 4.
Borough of Douglass, west, at the public house of Jacob L. Bickel, on Wednesday, July 11, from 10 to 11.
Township of Douglass, east, at the public house of F. B. Fox, on Wednesday, July 11, from 1 to 4.
Township of New Hanover, at the public house of William Weand, on Thursday, July 12, from 9 to 3.
Township of Frederick, at the public house of Milton S. Hauck, on Friday, July 13, from 8 to 2.
Township of at the public house of Samuel Barndt, on Monday, July 16, from 10 to 3.
Borough of Greenlane, at the public house of D. H. Rudy, on Monday, July 16, from 9 to 3.
Borough of East Greenville, at the public house of N. B. Keely, on Tuesday, July 17, from 10 to 3.
Township of Upper Hanover, at the public house of Jonas Haring, on Wednesday, July 18, from 9 to 3.
Township of Upper Salford, east, at the public house of John G. Dannehower, on Thursday, July 19, from 8 to 11.
Township of Upper Salford, west, at the public house of J. K. Bucher, on Thursday, July 19, from 1 to 4.
Township of Lower Salford, at the public house of V. S. Zeigler, on Friday, July 20, from 9 to 3.
Township of Perkiomen, west, at the public house of David H. Bean, on Monday, July 23, from 9 to 3.
Township of Perkiomen, east, at the public house of Michael S. Croll, on Tuesday, July 24, from 9 to 3.
Borough of Lansdale, at the public house of A. S. Bickel, on Wednesday, July 25, from 9 to 3.
Borough of Franconia, at the public house of John Binder, on Thursday, July 26, from 9 to 3.
Township of Hatfield, at the public house of Oliver Albouse, on Friday, July 27, from 9 to 3.
Township of Towamencin, at the public house of A. S. Bickel, on Monday, July 30, from 10 to 2.
Borough of Hattboro, at the public house of John B. Jones, on Tuesday, July 31, from 10 to 3.
Township of Moreland, Lower, at the public house of Eli Engle, on Wednesday, August 1st, from 8 to 12.
Township of Moreland, Upper, at the public house of Thomas Dance, on Wednesday, August 1, from 1 to 4.
Township of Abington, at the public house of Charles Cottman, on Thursday, August 2, from 9 to 3.
Township of Worcester, at the public house of Elijah Skeen, on Friday, August 3, from 10 to 3.
Borough of Jenkintown, at the public house of J. F. Cottman, on Monday, August 6, from 10 to 3.
Township of Cheltenham, at the public house of L. V. Clayton, on Tuesday, August 7, from 8 to 12.

Taxes not paid to the County Treasurer on or before the 15th day of September, 1883, will be given into the hands of a collector, who 5 per cent. will be added for collection, as per act of Assembly.

JACOB R. YOST, Treasurer of Montgomery County.

County Treasurer's Office, Norristown, May 21, 1883.

Japanese Crepe.

In order to introduce our Japanese Crepe goods we will send post-paid to any address on receipt of fifty cents, or 17 three-cent stamps, the following: 1 window banner, size 13 by 24 inches, with rich color and deep border; 1 tidy, size 8 by 11 inches, very handsome; 1 lamp mat, 27 inches in circumference, perfectly lovely; 1 wall screen, large and handsome. Address, E. Florence & Co., P. O. box 1890, South Bend, Ind.

KIDNEY-WORT
HAS BEEN PROVED
THE SUREST CURE FOR
KIDNEY DISEASES.
Does a lame back or disordered urine indicate that you are a victim of KIDNEY-WORT? If so, you will find relief in this medicine. It is a powerful purifier of the blood, and restores the system to its normal state. It is sold by all druggists. Price \$1.00 per bottle.

Phoenix Hardware House,
297 Bridge Street,
PHENIXVILLE, PENNA.
Joseph Fitzwater & Son,
HARDWARE,
PAINTS,
OILS,
GLASS, &c.
—ALL KINDS OF—
Agricultural Implements,
Iron Turbine Wind Engine
—AND—
Iron Buckeye Force Pumps
—SPECIALTIES—
Largest Stock and Lowest Prices.
Joseph Fitzwater & Son,
PHENIXVILLE, PA.

Gristock & Vanderslice,
COLLEGEVILLE, PA.
DEALERS IN
White and Yellow Pine, and Hemlock LUMBER,
Various grades, dressed and undressed.
SHINGLES, split and sawed.
PICKETS, CEDAR AND CHESTNUT RAILS.
Lehigh and Schuylkill

COAL - - COAL.
FLOUR,
Corn, Bran, Middlings,
OATS, LINSEED MEAL,
AND CAKE MEAL.
Shoemaker's Phosphate, and others. Harrison's Town and Country Paint, second to none in the market. Also Harrison's Rough and Ready Paint—a cheap durable paint for barns and fencing.

WE ARE NOW RECEIVING
our new spring goods amongst which will be found a splendid assortment of new
DRESS GOODS
together with a full line of
BLACK SILKS AND CASHMERE
Our finest lot of dress goods we buy from one of the largest Importers of New York, thus securing different and better styles than others. Also a full line of
NOTIONS ETC. ETC.

by buying in large quantities for CASH we are able to secure bargains which we will sell at the lowest cash prices.
We have just received the best bargains ever offered in best Cochen Poughs at 6 1/2 cents per yard, former price 12 1/2 cents.

MORGAN WRIGHT,
KEYSTONE STORE
14 E. MAIN ST. NORRISTOWN.
(OPPOSITE PUBLIC SQUARE)
Agent for Bazar Glove fitting patterns.
may-3d.

BAUGH'S
\$25.00
PHOSPHATE
Is acknowledged by all who have tried it to give as satisfactory results as any high-priced Phosphate or guano they have ever used.

PRICE \$25 PER TON OF 2000 POUNDS.
ON CARS OR BOAT IN PHILADELPHIA.
SEND FOR CIRCULAR SHOWING GUARANTEED ANALYSIS.

BAUGH & SONS,
SOLE MANUFACTURERS.
20 South Delaware Ave., Philada.
IRONBRIDGE
CARRIAGE WORKS!
Rahn Station, Penn'a.

Is the place to secure bargains in all kinds of
CARRIAGES
AND
FARM WAGONS!
Which are kept on hand and made to order. Only the best material used. Repairing promptly attended to. Lowest Prices. Favor me with a call, see the Carriages and Wagons and learn Prices before purchasing.

M. B. MININGER,
PROPRIETOR
Jan. 31, '83.

A FEW WORDS:
TO MY
Friends and Patrons!

I thank you for past favors, and still more earnestly solicit your patronage in the future. I mean to sell as heretofore, everything found in a well-stocked store at prices that cannot fall short of satisfying the most economically inclined. If you want

CEMENT or CALCINED PLASTER:
Here is the place to get it. If you want a PUMP, now is your time to buy it.
PAINTS, OILS, READY-MIXED PAINTS, WHITE LEADS, &c.
—A LARGE STOCK OF—
GENERAL HARDWARE. If the farmer wants a shovel, hoe, or the
BARBED WIRE FENCING we can accommodate him.

If he needs hay forks, or grass scythes, of the best, here is the best place for him to secure bargains. It is hardly necessary to speak to you about **GROCERIES.** You all know that my stock is large, well-selected, Fresh—pure. We try to keep everything you may ask for in the line of Groceries, Provisions, &c., at prices as low down as possible. I think in the line of Groceries, Provisions, &c., for men, women and children, we can suit you every time. Many of you want real good everyday shoes—we sell them very cheap. I have just laid in a lot of Hats which I am selling at 25 and 30 cts.—last year they were sold for \$1.00. Think of it! Don't forget that we have a full line of Cassimeres and Customers for suits—for men and Boys, I also sell the Sweet, Orr & Co., Overall, the best in the market. Our stock of

Dress Goods, Muslins, Calicoes, Lawns, Ticking,
CAMBRIC MUSLIN SHIRTING, SHEETINGS, &c. &c.
Is fully up to the mark. Come and examine them for yourself, and you will not go away dissatisfied.
NOTIONS FOR EVERYBODY. **GAUZE UNDERWEAR**
For men and women in large variety. I DEFY COMPETITION IN HATS in largeness of stock, quality and price. It is impossible for me to tell you all; to know you must see and to see you will buy, so please give us a call. We will do our best to suit you. Orders by mail promptly attended to and goods delivered free of charge.

RESPECTFULLY YOURS,
G. F. HUNSICKER,
IRON BRIDGE P. O. RAHN STATION, PA.

AGENERAL ASSORTMENT
Of Pure Spices, and Fresh Drugs.
Our - - Liver - - Pills,
RELIEVES BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, COSTIVENESS AND THE

SEVERE ATTACKS OF MALARIA.
DIARRHŒA MIXTURE,
—CURES DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, CHOLERA MORBUS, &c., &c., &c.—
AGUE - - - PILLS.
BLACK PITCH FOR BOATS.

At Culbert's Drug Store, COLLEGEVILLE, PA.
JOSEPH G. GOTWALS,
(Successor to E. C. KEELOR.)
PROVIDENCE SQUARE, LOWER PROVIDENCE.

Extends an invitation to his former patrons, as well as to the public generally, to call and examine his stock of
MERCHANDISE,
A full line of everything usually kept in a good country store, and the
PRICES WILL COMPETE

with other stores, anywhere, town or country. Competition defied in
CLOTHING FOR MEN AND BOYS,
Cut and made up by himself. Prices as low at the lowest, Satisfaction guaranteed. You will profit by calling at the
Providence Square Store.
CARPET SPECIALTY.

THE LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCK OF RICHEST COLORINGS WE EVER OFFERED.
Ingrain, Carpet, 25, 31, 35, 40, 50c. Body Moquet, \$1.50, \$1.75
Extra Ingrain, 45, 55, 65c. Hall and Stair to match, 25, 40, 50, 75c. \$1.00
Tapestry Brussels, 75, 80, 85, 90c. \$1.00, \$1.00, \$1.00, \$1.00, \$1.00, \$1.00
HEMP CARPET, MATTING AND OIL CLOTHS
—IN GREAT VARIETY—
SHADES & SHADING, Newest Colors and Designs.

DRESS GOODS: Black Silk, guaranteed not to cut. Solid Colored Silk—Garnet, Green, Bronze, Blue, Brown, Plum, &c. Cloth-finish Black Cashmeres, Colored Wool Beger, Albatross, Nuns' Veiling, Broches—a general variety of New Dress Goods at prices to suit the times. Laces, Collars, Ties, Lawns, Chintzes, in fact a live stock. Call and see. The politest attention to all.

OLD STONE STORE!
A. A. YEAKLE, Cor. Main and Dekalb Sts., Norristown, Pa.
If you want a Good Carriage FOR LITTLE MONEY go to
W. H. Blanchford,
PROPRIETOR OF THE
Collegeville Carriage Works.
You will be sure of being suited, as I have Jump Seat carriages, three or four kinds of Piano Box carriages, also the Brewster, Dexter and Electric carriages. Come and examine my work and learn prices.
W. H. BLANCHFORD,
Collegeville, Pa.

The Cheapest Yet!
Owing to the failure of a large watch-making firm of Philadelphia, we are now selling out at cost their entire stock of
Nickel Watches.
The principal bargains in these watches is an open face Nickel Watch, stem setting and winding, expansion balance, extra fine finished movement, and a splendid time-keeper, and is being sold by many other firms at from \$5.00 to \$7.00. Many of these are used by railroad men, who all testify to their accuracy and usefulness, and are just the thing for farmers' boys and mechanics.
Our Price is \$3.00
by mail, post-paid. A splendid heavy plated Gold Chain will be sent for \$1.00 extra. Remember this watch is accompanied by a written guarantee for one year. Our next bargain is a

Nickel Hunting Case Watch,
stem setter and winder, and is called our "RAILROAD WATCH." The cases of it are pure nickel, which looks almost as well as silver. It is a Superior Patent Lever, Expansion Balance, Jeweled, extra fine finished movement, and is acknowledged to be one of the best time keeping watches in the world to-day. It can be depended on by railroad men as a first-class time keeper, and one that will never play them false, while for farmers or their boys who want a stylish watch it is just the thing. It is sold by most firms at \$8.50, but as we have such a large stock we sell them at \$5.00. A splendid Gold Plated Chain with it for \$1.25 extra, free by mail at this price and warranted for one year.

Wholesale Oil and Carbolic Acid Soaps,
Small cakes 10c, large 85c., the best remedy for exterminating these pests, the *Currant Worms*, *Tree Slugs*, etc., not poisonous—Give it a trial. *Paisa Green*—1 lb. cans, 30c. *Wire Screen*, for training vines, etc., &c. a foot, running measure. Also, *Lauder's Seeds, Bulbs, Cultivators, Lawn Mowers*, etc. If you want anything in my line drop me a postal and an answer will be sent by return mail—all orders left with the COLLEGEVILLE BAKER will receive prompt attention and delivered on his route free of charge.
Respectfully,
HORACE RIMBY,
SEEDSMAN AND FLOREST, Collegeville.

PATENTS.
F. A. Lehman, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, Washington, D. C. All business connected with Patents, whether before the Patent Office or the Courts, promptly attended to. No charge made unless a patent is secured. Send for circular.
May 8, '83

Providence Independent.

Thursday, June 21, 1883

TERMS.—\$1.25 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

This paper has a larger circulation in this section of the county than any other paper published. As an advertising medium the "Independent" ranks among the most desirable papers, having a large and steadily increasing circulation in various localities throughout the county.

It is the aim of the editor and publisher to make the "Independent" one of the best local and general newspapers in the county, or anywhere else, and to this end we invite correspondence from every section.

PERKIOMEN RAILROAD.

We publish the following schedule gratuitously for the convenience of our readers.

Passenger trains leave Collegeville Station as follows:

FOR PHILADELPHIA AND POINTS SOUTH.

MILK.....6.56 a. m.

Accommodation.....8.26 a. m.

Market.....1.25 p. m.

Accommodation.....4.40 p. m.

FOR ALLENTOWN AND POINTS SOUTH AND WEST.

MILK.....7.03 a. m.

Accommodation.....8.14 a. m.

Market.....3.13 p. m.

Accommodation.....6.41 p. m.

SUNDAYS.—SOUTH.

MILK.....6.56 a. m.

Accommodation.....6.50 p. m.

NORTH.

Accommodation.....10.02 a. m.

MILK.....6.55 p. m.

Accommodation.....10.02 a. m.

MILK.....6.55 p. m.

Accommodation.....10.02 a. m.

MILK.....6.55 p. m.

Accommodation.....10.02 a. m.

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Accommodation.....10.02 a. m.

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GREENER AND BETTER PASTURES.

Rev. H. B. Strodach has handed in his resignation as pastor of St. John's Lutheran church, near Centre Square, to accept a call to St. Paul's Lutheran church, Brooklyn, N. Y., at a salary of \$2,400 per year.

Damages.

In March, 1881, Jacob T. Reiff, of Ledgesville, and his son George, fell through a bridge in Philadelphia receiving painful injuries, one of their horses being killed. They instituted suit against the city for damages and last week the jury rendered a verdict in their favor for \$2575.

\$70 Dollars Stolen.

During the absence of the family of Howard Eppenheimer, Limerick, being in attendance at a strawberry festival, a thief climbed up one of the porch posts to the roof and entered a second-story room through a window. The trunk of a boarder by the name of Geiger was opened with a gimlet and \$70 in cash and a revolver were stolen therefrom.

The New County Bridges.

According to the plans and specifications the new county bridges will be of the following dimensions: The bridge at Schetz mill will be of iron, 60 feet span; that at Douglas will be of iron, 53 feet span; the bridge at Lower Providence township near the mouth of Skippack creek will be of iron, 80 feet span, and the bridge near the Almshouse will be of stone, 20 feet span.

Barns Burned.

On Thursday evening of last week, the barn of Richard Bolton, in Frederick township, was burned with all its contents, including two horses. The loss is estimated at \$2000 on which there is an insurance of \$500 in the Perkiomen Mutual. On the same night the barn of Mrs. Walters, near Pennsburg, was burned and several head of horses perished in the flames. The property was insured in the Goschenhopen Mutual. The origin of both fires is unknown.

Lyceum.

The following was the order of exercises given at the Lutheran Lyceum of Trappe, last Thursday evening. Music—"The Old Home Ain't What it Used to Be." Miss Mary Rambo. Recitation—"Flying Jim's Last Leap." Miss Norma Brand of Norristown. Music—"In the Star Light," Misses Ida and Flora Custer. Reading—"A Selection from 'The Blunders of a Bashful Man.'" Miss Bessie Royer. Music—"Kiss me as I Fall Asleep." Misses Elmina and Cora T. Miller. Recitation—"A Little Girl's View of Life in a Hotel." Miss Norma Brand. Base Solo—"Don't Leave the Farm." Messrs J. and E. L. Markley. Application of membership was made by Mr. Fremont Styer.

Base Ball.

The Perkiomen B. B. C., of this place, played the return game of base ball with the Limerick club of Pottstown, last Saturday, on the grounds of the latter club. Through the entire game the visiting club played unusually carelessly. Warley, of the home club, made the longest hit, reaching third base. H. Koons, Hunsicker, and Preston played well in the field, whilst Garber caught an excellent game behind the bat. The Perkiomen boys for the most part, far exceeded their opponents in base running. The umpiring was miserable. The score is as follows by innings: Innings: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9. Limerick: 3 5 2 1 0 2 0 0 0. Perkiomen: 6 0 1 3 0 3 1 0 8.

Garfield Lyceum.

The following was the programme at the meeting of the Garfield Lyceum, Collegeville, last Thursday evening: Instrumental Duet—Misses Mary M. Hobson and Bertha Hendricks. Recitation—"The Evening Story." Miss Lillie Preston. Vocal Solo—"The Old Sexton." H. W. Bomberger. Answer to Referred Questions. Recitation—"Some Mother's Child." Miss Hattie Vandervelde. Dialogue—"Taking a Photograph." W. R. Hunsicker. H. Alvin Hunsicker, and Misses Emily D. Hamer and Bertha Hendricks. Referring of Questions. Vocal Solo—"The Danube River." Miss Sallie Fenstermacher. Reading—"Going to a Picnic." N. R. Hunsicker.

Genuine Benevolence.

A large number of painters and carpenters have been busy a week past in repairs upon Ursinus College, putting the edifice in fit trim for the approaching Commencement. The President's room is also to be refitted, and handsomely furnished, making it a pleasant and attractive reception and class-room. The college is mainly indebted for this improvement to a friend in Philadelphia, whose warm interest in the prosperity of the Institution has prompted this new act of noble liberality, but who modestly shirks from publicity being given to his name. It should be very gratifying to the people of this community and neighborhood that Ursinus College is growing so rapidly in favor, and enlisting such cordial aid from friends at a distance.

Bridge View.

The Court has appointed J. Dutton Steele, Philip Williams, Upper Providence, Benjamin Whitby, Lower Providence, Chester L. Smith, Plymouth, James Brownback, Limerick, and Enoch Enoch, Lower Merion, to view the bridge spanning the Schuylkill at Norristown. If the majority of the viewers agree that the said bridge is necessary as a free bridge for public accommodation and that the payment of tolls on the same is an unjust burden on the traveling public, and the people of Norristown, Bridgeport and Upper Merion township, in the said county of Montgomery, they shall proceed to assess the damages, if any, sustained by the said Bridge Company by

reason of the taking of the same as a County Bridge; and that they make report of their proceedings to the next court of Quarter Sessions.

DEATHS.

The busy reaper, death, never takes a vacation, but with tireless industry reaps on.

On the 13th inst., at Freeland, Sarah, wife of William W. Taylor, died, aged 71 years. The funeral was held on Monday. Interment in Trinity church cemetery. The deceased was a very excellent woman, retaining her cheerful and kind disposition through ten years of severe physical suffering.

On Tuesday night, last week, Barbara, wife of William Casselberry, died at her residence, Evansburg, aged about 73 years. The funeral was held on Monday. Interment in Baptist cemetery, Lower Providence.

Rev. Geo. Detwiler, an aged, and at one time, a prominent Mennonite clergyman, died at his residence in East Perkiomen, last week. The funeral occurred on Monday.

We neglected last week to record the death of Noah C. Kratz, of Grater's Ford, recently, of consumption, aged 37 years. Deceased was an engineer on the Perkiomen railroad.

Home Flashes and Stray Sparks From Abroad.

—Cows averaged \$50 at Allebach's sale at Perkiomen Bridge on Monday. Another sale next Monday afternoon.

—One of our village lads was seen counting his fingers the other evening. Upon inquiry it was ascertained that he was making calculations in reference to the Fourth.

—The dry weather prophet has drawn in his horns to keep them out of the wet.

—Elmer Conway, this place, has a splendid collection of birds' eggs, which includes about 61 different specimens.

—A potato vine, measuring four feet six inches was left at this office the other evening. It was reared in Mrs. J. M. Zimmerman's garden, near this place.

—Ice-cream always on hand at Perkiomen Bridge hotel.

—Dr. Place, dentist, informs us that he has made a reduction of 20 per cent on plate work.

—Elias Fluck, this place, enjoyed the first new tomatoes of the season, of his own raising, last week. Elias is certainly ahead when it comes to tomatoes.

—After a long vacation Jim Snooks comes to the front, and has something to say about passing events on the first page of the present issue.

—"Moonlight on the lake," is good but moonlight on the Perkiomen, with variations, is better.

—Many a man thinks that the world has taken up arms against him when his stomach is struggling hard with a boiled dinner.

—The claims of habit are generally too small to be felt till they are too strong to be broken.

—The meanest man extant flicks his plate, after eating, to cheat the will-barrel.

—Celery plants for sale at Perkiomen Bridge.

—Our neighbor, the parson, is quite a bee fancier. He has at present 12 hives full of bees in fine condition.

—A poke bonnet reminds us of a barrack roof hung aslant on a telegraph pole.

—If a college professor can shift his hat into seventeen different positions while walking one-fourth of a mile, how long will it take to educate the heathen.

—It is asserted that British capital to the extent of thirty millions went into Wyoming and Texas last year.

—The law now allows anybody to kill the English sparrow.

—Henry Wismer, of Perkiomen township, has been selected by lot as the preacher of the Upper Mennonite congregation of Skippack.

—The gypsy name for England means "the watery country," for Switzerland, "the land of cheese," for Prussia, "the land of the long legged."

—Life is too short to nurse one's misery. Hurry then across the low land, that you may linger longer on the mountain tops.

Sentences Passed.

Judge Boyer imposed the following, among other sentences, in Court at Norristown, Saturday morning:

George Burk, larceny and receiving stolen goods, four months, to date from May 27, 1883.

James McGonigal, larceny and receiving stolen goods, four months, to date from May 27, 1883.

Hamilton Booth, larceny, one year, to date from March 27, 1882.

Henry E. Keeler, larceny, thirty days, to date from June 16.

George Market, felonious entry, six months, to date from June 16.

William McGucken, assault and battery and resisting an officer, three months, to date from June 16.

Robert D. Laubach, burglary, four months, to date from April 16.

Enos Scott, aggravated assault and battery, four months and sixteen days, to date from February 1.

John Ehley, larceny and receiving stolen goods, three months, to date from May 3, 1883.

John Meehan, larceny, three months and one day, to date from March 16.

John Constantine, assault and battery, two months and fifteen days, to date from June 16.

Joseph Pearce, larceny, six months, to date from March 31.

Ice-Cream and Strawberries at Iron Bridge.

The Strawberry and ice-cream festival in Friendship Hall, Iron Bridge, Saturday evening, for the benefit of the L. B. Cornet Band was well attended by the combined youth and beauty of that place and vicinity. The gay Latharios were there accompanied by their Roses and Lillies, and older men with their spouses were on board to somewhat even up what might otherwise have been a one-sided arrangement. Quite a number of young men were also on hand for an opportunity to do gallant duty. The hall was tastefully decorated, and everything pertaining to the business of the evening was tastefully arranged. Music was furnished by the band, in addition to that rendered by the violin and harp in the hands of a couple of Italians from Philadelphia. The following named ladies attended to the demands of the visitors: Mrs. Mary Miller, Misses Lizzie Keiff, Minnie Davis, Ida Lowmes, Ella Reiff, Clayton Hunsicker was chief waiter and J. P. Koons served well as general overseer. We almost neglected to state that William Place bore up nobly under the weight and perfume of the largest bouquet or mammoth rose in the hall.

Ursinus College.

The many friends of Ursinus College look forward to the coming commencement with more than usual interest. During the year just drawing to a close many marks of prosperity have shown that a brighter day is drawing on the college. The Alumni association is constantly receiving accessions to its library, while the literary societies have taken step upward that is apparent to the most careless observer. The entire college in every department displays a healthy, vigorous growth that speaks well for the future. During the past year nearly all the rooms occupied by students have been papered, painted and carpeted, considerable sums of money have been spent on the halls of the societies, and the Collegiate buildings are now undergoing repairs and will be repainted either before or soon after commencement. The programme for commencement week is as follows: Sunday, June 24.—8 P. M. The Baccalaureate sermon by the President, J. H. A. Bomberger, D. D. Monday—8 P. M. Meeting of the Executive Committee of the College Board. Tuesday—2 P. M. Preliminary Meetings of Committees of Alumni, Ursinus Union, etc. Wednesday—10 A. M. Annual Meeting of the Board of Directors.—1:30 P. M. Annual Meeting of the Alumni Association, and at 3:30 P. M., of the Ursinus Union.—3 P. M. The Annual Oration before the Alumni, by Rev. D. U. Wolf, A. M., of New Oxford, Pa. Thursday.—10 A. M. The Commencement Exercises, including Oration by the Graduating Class, the Conferring of Degrees, etc.—2:30 P. M. Re-union of the friends of the college.—8 P. M. The President's Reception.

SOMETHING ABOUT NEW STYLES IN WEARING APPAREL.

All the most reputable makers of good coverts can be found at Leopold's.

For bargains in lace bunting in any grade go to Leopold's.

Fine French Nuns Veilings, in new choice styles and shades at Leopold's.

Special bargains in dress goods, at 12½ cents, which were 20 and 25 cents a few days ago.

See the Shepherds Plaid all wool filling dress goods at Leopold's. Only 12½ cents, all colors, they are a bargain.

Leopold's parasols and sun umbrellas were made to order by the largest umbrella manufacturer in America. They are of the latest and most desirable styles and colors, and embrace a better assortment than we ever before have shown.

The finest variety of embroideries and white dress goods in Pottstown, is now to be found at Leopold's. Just received a fine lot of Irish point embroidery at extraordinary low prices.

For a large variety of elegant designs in new choice patterns of black laces, go to Leopold's, where you will find the best assortment. They have been bought direct from the importers and are much lower in price than last season.

Combination suits, in good styles and good materials at very low prices can be had at Leopold's. Prices are from \$3.00 to \$6.00 for a good full pattern. You can be shown a number of new styles in which to have them made.

If you want the best 75 cent colored silk you ever saw go to Howard Leopold's store and you will find it.

If you want a Black Silk that won't cut or break, go to Leopold's where they keep just the right makes. They are bought direct of the largest importers, and are handsome, good and as cheap as can be sold by any one in the business.

New lace mitts at unusually low prices at Leopold's.

June fashions at Leopold's. Have you seen the handsome new embroideries at Leopold's?

A fine stock of good underwear made of good muslin from the "Fruit of the Loom Mills" to be found now at Leopold's.

HOWARD LEOPOLD, No. 229 High Street, Pottstown, Pa.

Farmers and others desiring a genteel, lucrative agency business, by which \$5 to \$20 a day can be earned, send address at once, on postal note to H. C. Wilkinson & Co., 197 Fulton Street, New York.

ITCHING PILLS—SYMPTOMS AND CURE. The symptoms are moisture, like perspiration, itching, swelling, particularly at night, seems as if pinworms were crawling in and about the rectum; the private parts are sometimes affected. If allowed to continue very serious results may follow. "SWAYNE'S OINTMENT" is a pleasant sure cure. Also for Tetter, Itch, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Erysipelas, Barbers' Itch, Blisters, all scaly, crusty skin diseases. Sent by mail for 50 cents; 3 boxes, \$1.25. (In stamps.) Address, DR. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by Druggists.

SWAYNE'S PILLS—COMFORTING TO THE SICK. Swains Pills are from neglect to properly treat Impure Blood, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Malaria, Apoplexy, Liver, Kidney, Heart Disease, Dropsy, and Rheumatism. But to the debilitated, burdened with such serious sickness, we confidently recommend "SWAYNE'S PILLS," which contain medicinal properties possessed by no other remedy. Sent by mail 25 cents, box of 30 pills; 5 boxes, \$1.25. (In stamps.) Address, DR. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by Druggists.

Choice lot of Rye Feed on hand. For Sale by F. W. WETHERELL & CO., Collegeville, P. O., Pa. Arcola Mills.

FOR SALE. One-Horse Lot Wagon, iron axles. Also Running Gear for market wagon, will be sold cheap. BLANCHFORD.

KIDNEY-WORT
THE GREAT CURE
FOR
RHEUMATISM
As it is for all the painful diseases of the
KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS.
It cleanses the system of the acid poison
that causes the dreadful suffering which
only the victims of this terrible disease
have been quickly relieved, and in short time
PERFECTLY CURED.
PRICE, 50c. BOTTLE OR DOZ., SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.
Prepared by
Wm. S. RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington Vt.

NOTICE.

The undersigned visits Collegeville and vicinity every Monday, and pays the highest cash price for fat cattle. Parties wishing to dispose of fat cattle can leave the necessary information at Gross' Perkiomen Bridge Hotel.

HENRY GABRIEL.

FOR SALE.

A Grey Mare, 15½ hands high, 6 years old; kind and gentle by all kinds of harness, a first class family beast, safe for anybody to drive. Also 50 Yards of Rag Carpet.

J. W. S. GROSS, Collegeville, Pa.

FOR SALE.

SILK WORMS. SAMUEL YOST, Collegeville, Pa.

STATEMENT OF EMANUEL LONGACRE.

TREASURER OF UPPER PROVIDENCE SCHOOL DISTRICT.

ACCOUNT DR.
June 4, 1883.—To amount of Duplicate, 3086 45
Less allowances, 53 52 3902 93
To State appropriation, 537 07
Receipts from books sold, 1 35
Taxes of '81 (allowed), since paid, 3 13
Deficit: Sum due Treasurer, 12 39
\$4457 47

ACCOUNT CR.

June 4, 1883.—By Teachers' Salaries, 10 Teachers 7 mo's at \$40 per month, 2800
2 Teachers 7 mo's, at \$35 per m. 490 3290 00
By cost of out-house at Quaker S. house, 79 82
Repairs for school house, 5 00
District Register, 2 50
Printing posters, 60 00
Cleaning school houses, 211 63
Repairs for school house, 205 62
Fuel and hauling, 8 75
Fire Tax, Perkiomen Valley Ins. Co. 175 28
Books for use of schools, 50 00
Interest on Loan \$1000.00 66 62
Deficit '82 and Interest, 37 35
Sum paid Jas. R. Welkel, collector, 64 90
Auditors' fees (3) 6 00
Secretary's salary, 40 00
Treasurer's Commission, 87 40
\$4457 47

Audited and reported by the undersigned Auditors of Upper Providence township the fourth day of June 1883.

J. WARREN ROYER, M. V. DETWILER, N. S. MOYER, AUDITORS.

J. M. Albertson & Sons, BANKERS, Norristown, Pa.

Interest Paid on Deposits. MONEY TO LOAN.

STOCKS AND BONDS BOUGHT AND SOLD.

SPECIAL BARGAINS

—IN—

STORE GOODS

—AT—

Fenton Bros.,

Collegeville, Pa.

Do not allow the golden opportunity to escape your grasp, but if you need anything in the line of Store Goods, which embraces almost everything, strike while the iron is hot! and lose no time in securing the best articles at the lowest prices. Large Stock of

DRY GOODS

Of every description. Best Calicoes 6½ cts. Muslins, 6½ to 14 cts. Dress Goods, Gingham, Notions in great variety.

Groceries, Canned Fruits.

—AND—

PROVISIONS.

